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NOT THE GLORY OF CESAR BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME.

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From The Knickerbocker.  
**THE WIND.**  
THE Wind has voices that defy  
The spirit's uncomprehending eye.  
We shudder at its sobbing wail,  
And shrink when howles the rolling gale;  
And even its softest breath is heard  
Like some half-muttered, soothing word:  
Or all its strains there is no voice  
That bids the thrilling heart rejoice!  
The sailor, on the silent seas,  
May long to hail the freshening breeze;  
The blast that whisks the spattered foam  
Will waft him to his distant home;  
Yet, while the loosened sail he flings,  
That gives his bounding bird its wings,  
His manly heart will often feel  
Some strange, dread fancy o'er it steal.  
When crunched beside the wintry blaze,  
And midnight sings its wailing lays,  
The music of the mingling tides,  
Now rising high and falling low,  
The wailing and complaining tones  
Might be a hush, though more a moan;  
But wild or sad, or high or low,  
It ever takes a tone of woe.  
I've seen it stir the western hills  
Amid the topmost crystal hills;  
Have watched it drive the clearing clouds,  
And scream along the quivering shrouds;  
Dread, strange, the same in every hour,  
Restless, furious, dark and wild,  
A voice that gives us no reply;  
A sound that shakes, we know not why!  
I never heard it on the shore  
Concocted with the watery roar;  
Or sweeping where the sullen sea  
Glides like a spirit through the trees;  
Nor listen to its murmuring wail,  
When wintry tempests swell the gale,  
But haunting fancies, dark and wild,  
Brood like the dreams that haunt a child.  
Yet not the less my battling soul  
Springs like a racer to its goal;  
Can wring a joy that else were pain,  
When blasts low o'er the crying main;  
Hear music in the mournful tone  
That softens on the gales of June,  
And gather from the breezes tone  
A soft, sweet language all its own.  
Newburyport, (Mass.) Jan. 1843. GEORGE LUTY.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.  
**A LEGEND**  
Of the Mountain of Burning Stone.  
A story of the first Montezuma—by the author of "Lafitte," "Capt. Kidd," &c., in two parts.  
PART THE FIRST.

In the centre of the present empire of Mexico, and within the borders of the beautiful country once inhabited by the ancestors of those wild and splendid savages, the Camanches, lies a chain of elevated mountains whose snowy peaks pierce the skies, leaving the vast field of clouds floating midway between them and the plains. Toward the south they make a majestic curve and enclose within their embrace a circle twelve leagues in diameter, in the midst of which sleeps like a fair garden, the valley of Alcolto (itself enclosed by a lake) and the loveliest spot on the breast of the earth. One of these mountains is loftier than the rest, and on its summit burns a star-like flame, which is said to be a single diamond, but inaccessible to human reach. This peak is hence called the "Mountain of the Burning Stone." By day, the shining apex glows with all the dyes of the rainbow; at night its light is like pale moonshine.

At the time of our story this valley was the centre of an empire now no more.—Here was the palace and throne of the emperors, and the centre of wealth, power and magnificence. In its midst rose a proud city, gorgeous with swelling domes, needle-like pinnacles and majestic towers, through which, dividing it into two parts, flowed a stately river which, for more than a league, reflected from either shore, on its silver bosom, two continuous lines of temples, palaces and edifices of costly grandeur.

On the throne of this glorious empire sat Ulyd, the last monarch of his race. He was haughty, imperious and cruel. His foot rested upon the necks of his subjects, and his sceptre was converted into a sword, which hourly drank human blood. But Eylla, the daughter of Ulyd, was gentle as the dove in spirit, as beautiful as Lyn, the Angel of the Flowers, and graceful as the antelope that runs upon the mountains. The tyrant loved his daughter, and that love was all that harmonized his nature.

In one of the lesser streets of this gorgeous capital lived a poor net-maker, whose sole merit was his honesty, and whose only income was the daily pittance earned by the toil of his hands. He was a widower; but Heaven had tempered his judgments with mercy, and left him a son to share his labors and solace his old age. Montezuma, the name of this youth, was now twenty years of age. His stature was lofty and his port noble; his white grace and beauty were stamped upon his face and person. His dignity was that of virtue; his beauty that of a gentle temper and cheerful heart. He was beloved and idolized by all of his rank, devoted to by his father, and despised, so closely had nature allied him to them, by the nobles. Such was Montezuma, at the period of our story.

Stand aside, serf! were the stern tones of an officer, addressed to a youth with thousands others was watching the procession of the emperor, his nobles and the priests of the Sun on their way to offer sacrifices at each gate of the city, to propitiate the wrath of their deity—for rain had not fallen on the earth in the space of four months, and the sun had burned up the harvest. The eyes of this youth seemed to be fixed more particularly on the Princess Eylla, than on the spectacle.

Stand aside, serf! and a glittering spear point at the same instant pricked the breast of the youth, who caught it in his hand, ere it could penetrate, wrested it from the noble's grasp, broke it in twain, and cast the pieces disdainfully at his feet.  
"Ha! 'tis the slave Montezuma!" cried the infuriated officer. "He has mocked us full long. Cut him down!"  
But ere the crowd which were about the emperor and his daughter, and which the officer commanded, could obey this command, the crowd opened to the right and left and received the destined victim to their bosom.  
"How your way to him!" cried the noble.  
"Cut the slaves in pieces!"  
"Nay, my sire, will you let blood be spilled on this sacred time!" pleaded the sweet and earnest voice of the princess Eylla, who, riding in the chariot beside the emperor, had witnessed this scene.

"They are my slaves, and it is in their blood that I float above their heads," was the stern reply of the tyrant.  
"Nay, father!"  
"Let them die! saw you not that the serf rebelled?"  
"Nay, he did but protect his life."  
"And wherefore should he dare save his life, when my officer of the guard was pleased to take it?"  
"Nay—father! see how the poor people fall before the weapons of the fierce guards. And look! they press up to fill the gap, and with their hearts place a barrier between thy vengeance and its victim!"  
"Therefore should they die!"  
"Spare him—spare them—father, for my sake bid them hold! Shall Eylla plead in vain?"

"Axcala, call off your guards. Their insolence is enough punished!"  
The lovely princess fell upon his neck and gratefully kissed him, and in strange affection he returned it, and then sternly bade the procession move on. But Eylla—her curiosity to gaze on a man for whom so many gave their lives, had led her to seek him out in the crowd—did not pass on, ere she received from the dark eyes of a handsome youth a look of grateful homage and acknowledgment—for the gentleness of the princess drew her as near to the hearts of her subjects as the sternness of her father removed him from them—so Montezuma felt it was no insult for his gaze, low as he was, to meet that of the princess, and to thank her for her interposition. But the mischief done by that glance, is incalculable. The princess rode on, but from that moment forgot the procession—her father—every thing but the face of the youth for whom she had interposed. Her bosom at first was filled with curiosity to know who he could be for whom men cast away their lives; and then her thoughts ran upon his lofty aspect and noble bearing—dwell upon his fine eyes and beautiful features. But the more she thought, the more bewildered she grew, till at length recalled to herself by the approach of the procession at the temple, she hung her head in confusion, and concealed the blush of shame that crimsoned her cheek with the silken folds of her vesture.

That night the lovely princess Eylla sat in her gorgeous chamber. Her slaves, in rich dresses, knelt at a distance with their hands laid across their bosoms, silently watching the least sign of her will or gesture of command. It was moonlight, and the silvery flood poured in at the open lattice by which she sat, and falling upon her fair forehead gave it the whiteness of Paris marble, and the soft lustre of the pearl. One snowy hand, half in the moonlight, half in shadow, sustained her cheek. She was buried in deep thought, and ever and anon, her snowy brow would heave and fall, and from her just parted lips a low sigh escaped. All at once, she rose to her feet, and at the same instant her slaves flew and prostrated themselves around her.

"Ophiel, remain with me; the rest of you retire to your couches. I need your attendance no longer, till the dawn."  
Slowly, with their faces turned towards her, the submissive slaves retired—and the princess was left alone with her confidant.  
"Ophiel!"  
"Your highness," answered the lovely Peruvian slave, still kneeling at the feet of her mistress.

You have heard that several men were slain to-day, as we passed through the city towards the temple?"  
"Nay, your highness, I did not. But as scarce a day goes by without bloodshed, I doubt not that this day has had its share," replied the slave, with a mixture of irony and sorrow in her manner.

"Hist, minion. It is my father's unhappy disposition. Yet he loves me."  
"So does the lion of Peru; yes, the tiger of Yucatan loves his whelp!"  
"Have done, Ophiel," said the princess, with some sternness. She then added with kindness, "I have detained thee to serve me with thy ready wit and well-learned faithfulness.—Listen!"

The slave bent her head reverently and gratefully upon her bosom, and silently awaited the communication of the will of her mistress.

There was some commotion to-day among the populace, caused by an attempt of the officer of the emperor's guard to seize a youth who inadvertently, and from too eager curiosity to witness the procession, thrust himself forward before the others. I heard him called Montezuma. Know you such a one by name in the city, and his degree?"  
"Was he tall and kindly in his port, your highness?"  
"He looked majesty himself. Such, methinks, as a prince of the sun should appear!"  
"Was he youthful withal?"  
"Scarce the dawn had darkened his lip, and the scissors had never yet touched his flowing locks of jet."

"Did he smile like the sun in May; and was his eye like a diamond set in jet upon a ground of pearl, flashing fire and speaking intelligence?"  
"The same, Ophiel. Thou hast seen him, maiden!"  
"Was he haughty, yet his haughtiness blent with the modesty, lessening his degree, and while he looked, if he looked on thee, did his eyes, while they gazed, seemed to plead thy forgiveness for the deed as they committed it?"  
"Thou hast painted him to the very semblance, child," said the princess, laughing and blushing, as she detected a smile lurking in the dimpled mouth of her confidant.  
After taking one or two turns through the apartment, she stopped and turned to the fair Peruvian, in whose cast down yet knowing look, she detected the knowledge of what she had not yet dared to confess to herself.  
"Ophiel," said she, "be faithful and secret. Seek out this Montezuma. I would see a youth for whom men so freely cast away their lives, as I have this day seen them do."  
"Your highness, he is a net-maker's son."  
"The better still. If he is not princely born, it were better that he were at the other end of the degree. Go—I would see him. Use what other instruments thou wilt to aid

thee. But be speedy, discreet, and both cunning and wise as the fabled Anaconda of thy own land!"  
The slave prostrated herself at the feet of her mistress; then rising reverently kissed her hand and glided from the chamber;—while the lovely Eylla, her virgin bosom tortured and bewildered by a thousand new and strange thoughts, yet all pleasing, resented herself in the window and gazed vacantly upon a range of gardens, villas, fountains, towers and domes, all mingled in gorgeous confusion, and lying like a magic scene beneath the radiance of the moon, which flooded all with a light so mellow that the whole seemed to be seen through a sea of transparent silver.

In the door of a lowly hut of reeds and mats, in a remote quarter of the capital, sat an aged man mending nets by the light of the moon; the beams of which rested like snow flakes on his white head. Suddenly a shadow passed between him and his light, and he looked up.

"Welcome, Montezuma, my child. I have beguiled the hours waiting thy coming, by putting a stitch, as well as my old eyes will let me, here, and there in the net. You are pale."

"I have need to be pale, sir," said the youth, casting himself upon a settle beside the door. He who carries the ruddy cheek of a careless heart, at this time, loves not his country, and has no manhood. We are a nation of slaves, father—but light has broke in upon us. The tyrant shall die and man's blood shall no longer be counted water."

"Hush, boy," said the old man, lifting his shaking finger.  
"There has been blood spilled this day, and were it not that the tyrant was the father of the fair princess Eylla, I would say the slayer with my own hand!"  
"Hist, son—my child, silence!" Speak not such words! Ere this thy words have been caught up, and swift wings are bearing thee to the emperor's ears. What aileth thee?"

"I have whispered rebellion," continued the young man, heedless of his father's words, "in the willing ears of thirty thousand of my fellow slaves!"  
"Son, son—see, we are not alone—here wears the emperor's livery. Thou art lost—lost! Did I not bid thee keep silence?" And the parent flung himself distractedly on the neck of his son.

The young man rose quickly as he saw a stranger approach the hovel, and placed his hand upon his bosom. But without making further demonstrations of preparation for a hostile meeting, he proudly and calmly awaited him.  
"Is this the abode of Nelef, the net-maker?" demanded the stranger, haughtily addressing the old man.

"It is; what would you with my father?" replied the young man.  
"Then thou art Montezuma, his son. I have an order to guide thee to the palace."  
"Lead on. I am ready to die—for my blood will turn to fire and kindle a flame that the tyrant's blood can alone extinguish."  
"Ha, this is language!"

"Plain enough for a courtier's ears.—Farewell, father!"  
"Farewell, old man," he said feelingly as he laid the fainting form of his parent on the settle he had himself just occupied. "Now sir, lead on to the emperor!"  
The moon rode high towards midnight, scarce touching with its nearly vertical beams the outer verge of the window in the apartment of the princess, when the door opened, and the slave Ophiel softly entered and stole to the feet of her mistress.

"Well, Ophiel!"  
"He is without."  
"Who went for him?"  
"Teal!"  
"Thy lover?"  
The slave blushed and hung her head.  
"What said he when heiden?"  
"That he would obey the emperor's commands, and spoke some other words of fearful import."

"The messenger, should think 'tis my father's commands. Admit him!"  
The princess arranged her robes in more graceful folds, and with an air of mingled majesty and condescension, prepared to receive the young man, as the slave ushered him into her presence. As he entered, his port was haughty, and his eye flashed round defiance, as he seemed to seek the person of the emperor. But the lovely form of the princess meeting, instead, his glance, his whole bearing change; the eye lost its fire and assumed a softer light; the lip its curl; and the aspect and port of defiance was converted into one of devotion and gentleness; and he knelt reverently before her, with his hands on his breast. The princess marked the instant change, and a blush of pleasure increased her loveliness.

"Thou art called Montezuma, the son of Nelef, the net-maker?"  
"I am the low born slave thou hast named, lovely princess," he answered with as much of proud scorn as the presence of his royal mistress would permit him to assume. This expression of his feeling did not escape her notice.  
"Methinks thou art the cause of a certain tumult in the streets to-day?"  
"Noble princess, inasmuch as you judge me to have done wrong, I confess my error. My poor life, have done wrong to the tyrant. Forgive me, lady—I had forgotten, looking on the gentle face, that was his daughter. But if I offend, thou hast only to order me to the block—and death from thy hand were better than life, with thy father's foot upon my neck."

"Nay, speak not so gently—I cannot bear it; and burying his face in his hands he was for a moment overcome with emotion. The princess was affected, and was also silent.  
"Forgive my weakness, your highness—but it is past now. Your gentleness to me, has saved your father's kingdom, and perhaps his life."

"Speak, quickly—what mean you?"  
"I will confess all, and then die, knowing that I have not struck the blow that should make you wretched."

He looked enquiringly at the slave, and then at the princess, and was silent.  
"Ophiel, wait in the ante-room!" The princess and the young conspirator were left alone. He then unfolded to her the whole conspiracy, which had been hinted at, and explained minutely its past progress and present state, and its ultimate aim. She listened with mingled surprise, terror and admiration.

The moon began to pour its fading light into the western window of the room, ere the princess called the wondering Ophiel, and bade her see the man was reconducted in safety and secrecy to his abode.

In this interview, the princess detected her love for the youth, and to her pleased surprise discovered his for herself. Cupid is a true democrat. He knows no rank. The youth encouraged by the princess, and ready to take all upon a cast, at length did boldly confess his daring passion, and then prepared his mind for death. But to his surprise and joy, the gentle and lovely woman, not only listened to him, but in her turn confessed her love. Here was a singular and wonderful spectacle to human eyes! a princess and a peasant vowing to each other, love undying, love unchanging, love eternal. Here had Love fully established the axiom, that "two extremes meet." He had magically brought together two noble spirits that Nature and Fortune had sundered widely. Well had Maria del Occidente sung,  
"Nature never formed a soul  
Without its own peculiar mate."

PART THE SECOND.  
Three months passed away, and in the interim the lovers met frequently, and as the violets that grow in couples are sweetest scented, so sweeter and deeper grew their love by frequent mingling of their young hearts. In a politic female it would have been policy to have cherished the love of a handsome youth, whose word could arm fifty thousand men within the capital's walls;—and in case of her coming to the throne, most refined diplomacy, to have secured the safety of her empire by permitting so dangerous a person to share it. But Eylla was no politician, and knew nothing of diplomacy but that of the heart.

At length a rumor reached the ears of the emperor, that at night the princess received stolen visits from a man in disguise, who seemed to have free egress from the palace at all times between twilight and dawn.—Montezuma was watched, and followed, and seen to enter the wing containing the apartments of the princess. Word was conveyed to the emperor, who soon after attended by his guards, unannounced, entered suddenly her room. The lovers were discovered.—Montezuma, seated at the feet of his lovely mistress, attentively listening with upward gaze, while she was relating some interesting tale, her snowy fingers the while half hidden among his raven locks.

Eylla shrieked at the sound of his terrible voice, which gave the first intimation of his presence, and the next instant, true to her love and her womanhood, threw herself between the soldiers and her lover.  
"Back! Touch him not!"  
"Seize him!" shouted the monarch with vehemence.  
"No—no—hold, I command!"  
"Spare the hound!"  
"Through my heart then seek his!"  
The guards hesitated. She caught this moment to address the enraged emperor.—"Father! listen. Bid the guards wait without the door. He cannot escape then, and hear me one word!"

The emperor gazed on her penetrating eye a moment, and then waved his hand for the soldiers to withdraw. The three were left together. The monarch as restless as a caged tiger, pacing near the door—the young man standing silent, proud and calm before him.

"No traitress!"  
"Nay, I am wanting nothing in my love or loyalty to my king and sire," she said approaching and kneeling before him.—"Hear me my father! You have once loved your Eylla! Have you forgotten how in infancy I sat upon your knee—and how, as I grew older, each morning I laid upon your pillow the sweetest flowers, nor left your couch until you had kissed me. And when I got to be a maiden grown, and thou wert sick, night unto death, how I watched thy couch and cooled thy brow, and did you not say I was a blessing to thee, and you owed your life to my tender nursing?"

"My child—Eylla!"  
"Thou art moved. I see returning love for thy only daughter in the gentler beaming of thy eye. Father, I know you love your own Eylla." As she spoke, she softly rose, and like a child climbing its parent's knee, slid upwards into his arms, and laid her head confidently upon his breast.

"What would you, Eylla?"  
"Her words recalled the emperor to himself. He flung her from him, yet still she clung to him as he strode up to the young man.  
"Ha! methinks I have seen that face!"  
"Thou hast emperor?"  
"Who art thou?"  
"Montezuma, the net-maker's son."  
"Eylla, is it so? This slave—this serf, thy paramour?"  
"My betrothed husband!"  
"Princess Eylla, thou liest with thy false tongue!"  
"I have spoken truth, father."

"Then your fates are linked. The deep-

est dungeon of the prison shall be your abode till you get the better of this madness. But by the bright sun if I had a doubt, (yet I see not why I should not) of thy honor, I would say thee, with my own hand, ere thy bosom heaved twice more."

"Father, for my life I care not—the dungeon does not terrify me. It is thy displeasure I feel. I am innocent!"  
"I believe thee, for mine own honor's sake; for after this thy word hath little weight with me. Yet thou shalt not go unpunished. Ho! without thee. Soldiers, two of you guard this woman to the keeper of my palace prison. Treat her gently, mind you, and bid the jailor on his life see that she suffers no roughness; for, if she be a prisoner, she is no less the daughter of your emperor. For you, sir, for whose crime I cannot find a name—I will invent for the deed that shall in some degree measure it.—Bear him off to the farthestmost dungeon beneath the river. If he escape, the lives of every soldier of my guard shall pay for his."

Without a word calmly and dignified, with only sorrow at the princess' fate shading his countenance, the young man was led from the apartment to become the occupant of the dungeon.

The imprisonment of the princess lasted but a few hours. The emperor, after the first excitement was past, felt the father return to his bosom, and sent for her to his presence. The result of this interview—to judge from the expression of the face of the princess when she met Ophiel—did not leave her quite the desolate of hope.

"You are pardoned!" exclaimed the joyful slave, flying and throwing herself at her feet.  
"He has forgiven me. I have told him all—the conspiracy and all."  
"And what said he?"  
"I made him more thoughtful than angry, and he asked many questions about him, then shook his head, walked the room and muttered. I could only hear by piece-meal, and of policy—no heir to myself—the security of the empire—a noble bearing—better for my successor than a nobler—I will think of it—she loves him too—his influence among the people—consolidate the empire. I could hear nothing consecutively."

"Mark me, my noble mistress—you will yet be happy!"  
"I cannot tell you, Ophiel. He kissed me—"  
"Who?"  
"My father, minion—when I left him—but I trembled when I looked in his face and saw how dark his eyes were. He dare not say him, for he knows he will say his daughter with the same blow."

"What do you think will be done with him—that is, provided the emperor does not give him to you for a husband?"  
"Silence, Ophiel, child! He shall not die."  
"And if they keep him in prison, woman's wits can get him out."  
"As I left him, my father bade me meet him in council early on the morrow."  
"I augur something from this."  
"May it be of good," was the foreboding reply.

Thus speaking, the unhappy princess, accompanied by her attendants retired to her apartment for the night.

The ensuing day, in the imperial hall of justice sat the emperor, sole judge and arbitrator of every case brought before this fearful tribunal.—His word was the law—with him lay the power of life and death. He was enthroned in grandeur, commensurate with his high station, surrounded by his stately nobles and glittering court.

A jewel of great size, of mingled hues, and dazzling as the sun, blazed on his crown. Before him, on a marble slab, elevated above the floor, stood his executioner, holding in his hand and resting upon it, a gigantic sword gleaming in every beam. On the right of the emperor and a step below him, on a throne of pearl inlaid with gold, sat the princess Eylla, pale and drooping, yet observant of all that passed. She was attended by a brilliant galaxy of the ladies of her court. The emperor was stern and silent, and though from time to time his daughter cast a glance furtively upwards to read his face, it expressed no interpretation. It afforded neither hope nor despair. The emperor now waved his hand—trumpets sounded—and led to the earth with chains, the youthful prisoner was brought in the presence of his judge. Without trial—without even naming the offence with which he was charged—the emperor, after gazing on him a moment, gave a parchment to one who stood at the foot of the throne, and bade him to read aloud. Instantly the trumpets sounded thrice—a herald cries "Long live the emperor, the brother of the sun and governor of the universe!"—and thrice again the trumpets resounded.

It is known to all the world that the present dazzling stone which adorns the imperial crown, was found more than one thousand years ago in the throat of a condor, which fell dead in the court of the palace. From the variety of its hues and its brilliancy there remains no doubt that it was brought from the glittering peak of the Mountain of the Burning Stone. Every diamond having its mate, it has been the ambition of numerous emperors to obtain the mate to this; and it is estimated that more than a million of states' prisoners have perished in the course of ages, in endeavoring to purchase their forfeited lives, by reaching the summit. As yet no human foot has trod it, and the diamond is yet unobtainable.

Not inasmuch as Montezuma, son of Nelef the net-maker, has been adjudged a traitor, he is hereby condemned to be conveyed from hence, closely guarded and in chains, to the foot of the Mountain of the Burning Stone, and there released. If he ascend the mountain and return with the mate to this stone or a stone of its like, he shall not only be pardoned for his treason, but shall receive in marriage the princess Eylla, and succeed the emperor in the empire. If he refuse to go up or fail in the attempt, he shall die an ignominious death, by the axe of the executioner. Long live the emperor, just and wise."

Thrice the trumpet sounded, and amid the

acclamations, murmurs of surprise and adulating shouts of the enslaved people, high above which rose the wild shriek of the princess, the emperor dissolved the assembled court and retired within the inner chambers of the palace.

Night had scarcely begun to veil the streets of the capital in gloom, ere the private postern that gave access to the quarters of the palace occupied by the princess Eylla, was cautiously opened, and a female figure came forth with her mantilla closely drawn about her form and covering all her face, save one lively eye. But with all her care, each passer-by knew her to be Ophiel, the favorite slave of the princess. After surveying the ground about her, to see that she was unobserved, she hastily darted across the street into the shadow of a temple, and swiftly pursued her way through many winding and across many squares, until she came to a dilapidated building, which had formerly been the abode of a minister of state who, with his whole family, had been beheaded within its chambers for treason. It was now the abode of a sorceress, who, to many other marvelous sciences, added the knowledge of the secret virtues of all herbs, so that by her art and skill she could both convey death through the eye and restore a life by a breath.

At the sunken portal of this dread abode, the female paused to look about her, and then with a hesitating, yet onward step, she entered beneath the arch, and crossed the low door, at which, after hesitating an instant, she knocked. A stern voice bade her enter. Before her sat the woman she sought. In a few words Ophiel told her of the love of the princess and of Montezuma, and of his sentence.

"Why do you come hither maiden!" demanded the sorceress sternly, after the slave had ended.  
"For the aid of your art and wonderful knowledge. For the princess Eylla, who has sent me hither, has heard that thou wert skilled in all the mysteries of creation, and that to thee are unfolded the hidden springs of life. She now asks the exercise of this power in her favor and that of the poor youth who will assuredly perish also. Canst thou do nothing for him, mother?"

"The princess Eylla is gentle, fair, and virtuous. She shall be obeyed. Wait my return!"  
The sorceress left a room by a door hitherto unseen, and Ophiel remained with her heart throbbing between hope and fear. In a few minutes the woman returned and placed in her hand a small sealed package, with these words:  
"Place this in his hands, and leave the rest for his manhood and his lofty love to accomplish.—Depart speedily as thou canst. Ere Ophiel could thank her or question her of the contents of the package, she was gone."

The succeeding morning a band of a thousand soldiers marched out of the northern gate of the city—their numbers serving rather to add dignity to their mission, than as necessary to guard the chained prisoner, who moved with a proud step and unbroken bearing in their centre. The first sight they encountered within a league of the mountain, the youth slept in his guarded tent, and his dreams were of love and ambition—for a stout heart like his, and one that loved so truly, did not despair of success, even where his path was over the footsteps of a million who had gone before him, and left their bones bleaching on the mountain side. At midnight his dreams of Eylla were disturbed by a slight touch on his shoulder. He started, opened his eyes, and beheld an indistinct figure gliding from the tent, without walking the tired and sleeping guards, who doubtless, thought their prisoner's safety sufficiently secured by his heavy chains—he at the same moment discovered that something had been left in his hand. Instinctively he hastily concealed it in his bosom, and turning over with clanking chains, he slumbered his guardians, once more sank to slumber.

With the rising sun the camp was in motion, and under a select guard of one thousand men, the prisoner was led to the foot of the mountain and divested of his chains. The captain of the guard then embraced him for he had compassion on his youth and gentleness, and wishing him success, accompanied him a few paces on his way, and bade him farewell.

For the first two miles the ascent was comparatively easy. But at length the young man, of whom the soldiers never lost sight, reached the region of eternal snow, against which his dark form was but just relieved appearing like a speck, which, save that he had continued to keep it in their eye, could not have been detected.

When the young Montezuma, after great hardships gained the region of eternal winter, the verge of which, far down the mountain, was whitened with myriads of bleaching bones, of those who had perished before him, but which made him no fainter hearted, he paused to survey the icy pyramid that pierced nearly a league higher into the skies, presenting to the eye of those below one polished cone of glittering snow, crowned by the starry gem that had burned on its crest from the first day of creation. Notwithstanding the probably fatal end of the attempt, Montezuma, after gazing upward awhile, and seeing many fissures in the sides of glacier, inviolable to those below, resolved to make it. Lying down on the last spot of verdure, he rested his weary limbs, he reposed for an hour and then with a bold spirit and inspiring himself with the thought of Eylla, he began to scale the icy steep. He had toiled two hours and won but a twentieth part of his way, when, as overcome by the cold and exertion he was about to admit into his mind despairing doubts of success, a small package fell from his bosom, and after sliding down a hundred feet, lodged in a deep cleft of the glacier. It recalled to his recollection the mysterious visit of the preceding night, which, until now, had not entered his mind; and he rapidly descended to recover it. On opening it he found a transparent substance like gum, of a delightful fragrance, enclosed in parchment, on which was written these words:

"The gum of the herb that containeth the principle of life. Eat sparingly at morning, noon, and eve, and thy strength shall be as the sun and neither the four elements nor the two great principles of heat and cold shall have power over thee. Child of the sun, run thy race, and rejoice in thy strength."

The weary young man, ready to sink under fatigue and cold, and hitherto just about to give up the further ascent in despair, placed a small particle of the gum between his lips. It instantly dissolved, and suddenly he felt a new principle of life. The stagnant blood warmed and glowed in his stiffening veins; his heart leaped; his sinews became strong; his spirits cheerful and full of elasticity; and hope and anticipated victory once more filled his soul. He was a new being. He felt the strength of an immortal, and the enduring power of the tireless sun. His first impulse was to spread his hands in gratitude to this visible dispenser of life and heat, who was at that moment descending the western horizon to light unknown realms beyond its verge. Then carefully placing the remainder of the gum in his vesture, he sprang up the cone with the strength and fleetness of a chamois. Upward and onward, and still upward, and unwearied and unceasing he kept his skyward way, till the astonished troops below, who had followed him until he appeared like a minute speck on a snow white spire, could scarcely see him, and soon the mountain mist and twilight veiled him from their view.

Three days and nights they remained encamped at the foot of a mountain, and he did not reappear. His death was then considered certain.—The camp was ordered to be struck, and the soldiers returned to the capital. The emperor received the news of the failure and death of the bold aspirant for his crown, with undisguised delight. For in sending thither, he had only sent him to a more lingering species of death than he could have received from the axe of the headman. The princess, though struck with deep grief, gave not away to despair, for there was an anchor of hope in her soul to which she secretly clung.

The day following the return of the troops an embassy from the Inca of Peru arrived at the court of the emperor, to negotiate a marriage between the heir apparent to his throne and the princess Eylla. This proposition at once met with the approbation of the emperor, who was desirous to secure his daughter against further attachment of a like nature with that form which he had just rescued her. The princess Eylla, therefore, was commanded to prepare herself for the nuptials, by proxy, to take place on the third day after the arrival of the embassy. The limits of a story will not permit us to enter into the feelings of the princess on this announcement. She consented and obeyed, because she looked for a division in her favor ere the fatal hour arrived—for she had not yet given up Montezuma.

The bridal hour arrived, and the proudest hall of the imperial palace was gorgeously decked with banners, hangings of gold and crimson, and innumerable suns composed of diamonds and precious stones. The pride and pomp and magnificence of the nuptials was displayed in a degree hitherto unapproached. The emperor, arrayed in his imperial robes, was surrounded by his court—the princess Eylla in robes of snowy white, shining with pearls, and her bright hair glittering with jewels, stood on his right, her hand in his—while the proxy of the prince of Peru stood on his left. The first words of the ceremony had begun to be spoken by the high priest of the sun, when a sudden commotion at the entrance of the hall drew all eyes and interrupted the rites. The color came like a flash of sunlight to the pale cheek of the princess, as she looked up at the sound. The next moment a noble youth, magnificently arrayed in cloth of gold, silk and velvet, with a dazzling crown on his brow, in which blazed a crescent of diamonds each of which rivalled in size and splendor that on the imperial crown, strode through the throng of courtiers, who made way for him as he advanced, and coming within the circle about the monarch, knelt before him, looking upward in his right hand a single diamond of wonderful size and beauty. Instantly every eye acknowledged it to be the counterpart of that on the imperial diadem.

"Montezuma! It is Montezuma!" cried a hundred voices.

"I am Montezuma," was the reply of the young man, rising from his knee and looking proudly around; but his eye softened as his glance fell on the lovely princess, who, between surprise and joy, was nearly fainting in the arms of her attendants. "I am Montezuma, and have come, emperor, to claim the reward of my success.—Behold the twin-diamond to that in the royal crown!"

As he spoke, he elevated it aloft, in juxtaposition with that on the crown, and placed it to every eye in full comparison. A loud shout acknowledged the likeness, and then Montezuma placed it in the hands of the surprised monarch. Without speaking, the emperor took the hand of the trembling, joyful Eylla, and placed in that of the proud youth; and thus together the beautiful pair stood before the throne, the heart of every one present, not excepting that of the imperial parent himself, contented that Nature had formed them for each other, though hitherto fortune had placed them widely apart. The loud acclamations that hailed them ceased with a wave of the emperor's hand, and he thus addressed the bridegroom:

"Take her, Montezuma, the first word of an emperor was pledged, and is redeemed.—The great Sun has destined thee to become the progenitor of a new race of emperors. Long may thy race live and peacefully reign. But the spirit of prophecy tells me that a thousand years will be the end of thy empire, and that the last of thy name shall become the slave of a chief, whose command shall be from the rising of the sun, and from a world unknown to ours."

The emperor then removed the crown from his head, and placed it upon the brow of the happy princess.

The bridegroom once more renewed, and the voice of the high priest, once more lifted up, made the noble Montezuma, and lovely Eylla one. The hand of the emperor then placed them on the throne, which their descendants filled for many centuries, until the last bearer of the proud name of Montezuma lost his empire, his power and his life, by the hands of invaders, whose coming was from the rising of the sun and whose pathway was deluged with blood.

BEAUTIFUL REPLY.—One of the deaf and dumb in the institute of Paris, being desired to express his ideas of the eternity of the Deity, replied—"It is duration, without beginning or end; existence, without bounds or dimensions; present without past or future. His eternity is youth without infancy or old age, life without birth or death; to-day without yesterday or to-morrow."